

THE FT. PILLOW MASSACRE.

THE ASSAULTS ON THE FORT.

DETAILS OF THE ATROCITIES.

NAMES OF SOME OF THE VICTIMS.

The Story of a Man who was Buried Alive.

MEN BURNED ALIVE.

Rebel Conscription in Kentucky and Tennessee.

From Our Special Correspondent.

Month City, near Cairo, Ill., April 19, 1864.

This is the third anniversary of the murder of our brave Massachusetts boys as they were passing through Baltimore on their way to defend the capital of the nation. Many glorious victories have been won since that day, but I cannot but reflect that although in the fourth year of the war we are even now keeping the Rebels from crossing the Ohio by patrols of gunboats.

Forrest and his footcavalry have the free range, if not the complete control of Western Tennessee and Kentucky, from the Tennessee River to the Mississippi. The facility with which these guerrillas came through Tennessee and Kentucky to Paducah, on the Ohio River, and sacked that town, is rather a mystery to people who were under the impression that we had a large cavalry force at Memphis, and scouts throughout the whole country. He took some 400 Union soldiers prisoners at Union City, Tennessee, near the Kentucky line, then marched to Paducah, where he met with a very warm reception at the hands of Col. Hicks and his men, white and black. He did not take the fort, thanks to the bravery of the little garrison, and to the help of the gunboats, but he succeeded in pillaging the city, and securing more booty than his men could carry away.

But for savage inhumanity and barbarous atrocity, the slaughter of the garrison at Fort Pillow surpasses every other event of this war. The circumstances and incidents of this terrible butchery so far as I can learn them from participants and eye witnesses is briefly as follows:

The fort consisted of more earthworks, mounting six guns, two of them 24-pounders. It was garrisoned by about 300 white men of the 13th Tennessee Cavalry, and about 400 blacks, all under the command of Maj. Booth of the 13th.

On Tuesday morning, April 22, at about sunrise, some 6,000 Rebel cavalry, under Forrest, appeared before the fort and commenced the attack. About 8 a. m. they sent a flag of truce and demanded an unconditional surrender of the fort. Maj. Booth being severely wounded, the command had devolved on Maj. Bradford, who responded that if the black men were fighting with him would be treated as prisoners of war he would surrender, and not otherwise.

To this the Rebels would not listen, having sworn to kill every negro and every white man commanding them! The fighting was then renewed, and between that time and 4 p. m. our brave boys had repulsed not less than three desperate charges. They fought bravely, but white and black, but the Rebels were protected to a great degree by a heavy woods back of the fort. Gunboat No. 7 took part in the fight so long as her ammunition lasted, and did good service.

About 4 p. m. the Rebels sent in another flag of truce, and while our men ceased firing upon them out of respect for the flag, they surrounded the fort on all sides, and as soon as the flag withdrew they made a desperate charge from every direction, and succeeded in getting inside the earthworks. Then followed a scene which beggars all description. Up to that time only about 30 or 40 of our men had been killed and wounded. The brave boys had fought against great odds till now, but seeing further opposition to be vain, threw down their arms and begged for quarter. They pleaded in vain! The savage monsters had orders from their Government to take no black men prisoner, and they looked upon the Tennesseeans fighting for the Union beside black men, as no better than the negroes. I have been in the hospital at this place, and heard from the lips of men who were shot in from one to five different places, the sad details of that terrible slaughter.

Yea more, I have heard from a black man who was terribly wounded and buried alive an account of his sufferings! There are about 30 white and 40 black men here with wounds of different kinds, and these are all that remain (with possibly two or three exceptions) of that brave band of 700 men. I will give a few details of individual cases as specimens of the whole. The cases I mention are a fair sample of those in the hospital, indeed, many are so low that they cannot tell the tale, and at least 600 are beyond the reach of even Rebel vengeance. The blood of 600 murdered men and 100 maimed cries for vengeance.

Case 1. Wolford Cooker, private, 13th Tennessee Cavalry. This brave fellow has a terrible wound in his thigh from a bullet and three buckshot. He had thrown down his gun and was begging quarter when he was shot.

2. Adj. M. I. Leming, shot in the side after surrendering. This man is so low that he could not give details.

3. D. W. Harrison, private, 13th Tennessee Cavalry. Wounded in four places by gunshots. While lying on the ground bleeding, Mr. Harrison called a Rebel soldier to him and begged a drink of water. The Rebel cursed him, and took from him his money (\$20) and his watch.

The first Rebel into whose hands he fell was inclined to save his life, but he was shot within a minute by others. Has a wife and child near Trenton, Tenn.

4. James Calvin Goffert, wounded in both shoulders and five ribs broken after surrendering.

5. J. M. Green, Co. A, 13th Tenn. Cav., shot in back and shoulder after surrendering.

6. J. H. Stout, 13th Tenn., age only 16 years; left leg amputated; cause, terrible wound, crushing bone, inflicted after surrendering.

7. Daniel Tyler, colored. This is the man spoken of above as being buried alive! He was knocked out with a carbine, he was shot in two places, and then taken and thrown alive into a ditch with other men, white and black, and some loose dirt thrown over them. He says there was a white man thrown on him who was alive! This negro actually got out of this living tomb by digging with one hand! Of this there are witnesses.

8. Robert Hall (colored). This man lay sick of typhoid fever in the hospital. The Rebels had no respect for hospitals. They cut his head terribly with a sabre, and out of part of his right hand, which was added to protect his head from the sabre.

9. Manuel Nichols (colored). This poor fellow shot in the head with a pistol held within a foot of him, but the ball failed to enter the skull and was taken out by the surgeon and shown to me. Notwithstanding this and a bad wound in the arm he is about the hospital and lively.

But these cases will suffice, though they convey very faintly to your mind the horrors of that massacre. Every man whose case I have mentioned was murdered in cold blood or hot blood as the case may be. Men were burned alive for the terrible offense of having black skins, and the body of one Lieutenant was found partly burned. The Rebels threw the negroes in piles, after stripping them of their boots and clothing, if of any value, and burned them.

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But why proceed further into these sickening details? Fort Pillow is utterly destroyed, not a vestige remaining.

The question now arises, and is on every tongue, what will the Government do about it? Unless vengeance, ample and speedy, follow this savage slaughter of U. S. soldiers, the Government will have no reason to complain if we get no more volunteers from the Rebel States, or any black ones from any State! It strikes all loyal people that, if the Government asks men to fight for the life of the nation, it is bound by all the obligations of honor and decency to see that they are protected as prisoners of war.

But proclamations (Amnesty or otherwise) will not protect them. Dire vengeance must fall surely and quickly, or we may as well give up fighting with negroes and loyal Southern men.

Some simple-minded people, who know nothing about war, will inquire into the propriety of keeping a few hundred men in such a place as Union City, where they are liable at any moment to be attacked by a force of ten times their number, and where they are of no earthly use if not attacked. If a place is worth fortifying at all, it would appear worth while to have enough men to defend it.

Forrest is clearing out Western Kentucky and Tennessee very effectively. He is taking every man and boy between the ages of 16 and 45, and forcing them into his army, without so much as "by your leave, S. C." Thus, while the Union armies are being filled by slow volutes, and the war is being kept alive by a draft, the Rebels are filling their ranks with men who ought to fight on our side.

SOUTHERN INTELLIGENCE.

The Scheme to Assassinate President Lincoln—The Evidence of It—A Letter from Dixie About the Plot—The Plan to Raze the Northern Cities—The Secret of Maximilian's Refusal to Receive Sidel—Affairs in Richmond—Destitution of Supplies—The Misery of the Women—Case of Mr. Phelps—His Wife's Efforts to Escape—Richmond the Sodom of America.

Correspondence of The N. Y. Tribune.

WASHINGTON, April 17, 1864.

Two or three, and possibly more, Copperhead journals have seen fit to question the truth of my statements in regard to Rebel schemes to kidnap or assassinate President Lincoln. That these friends of Jeff. Davis should endeavor to screen him and his followers from so serious a charge will not surprise you, and should not surprise the public. From the beginning of the war these organs have affected to disbelieve nearly everything adverse or discreditable to the Rebel friends that has appeared in print, and especially everything that has appeared in THE TRIBUNE. It would have been strange, indeed, if they had passed over my letters in silence; and I should have concluded that the intelligence offered by me was of little public interest or value. Encouraged by their denunciation and abuse, which I esteem the greatest compliments, as I should regard their praise the greatest censure that could be heaped upon me, I shall continue my correspondence as long as I have facts and information concerning Rebels and Rebellion to enlighten and interest the public.

The schemes exposed by me to kidnap or kill the President of the United States may shock the unsophisticated, and to the novel reader may sound like romance, as charged by that disinterested and scrupulous journal, THE Daily News; but to an intelligent public, who have watched, not with "single eyes," but with all their eyes and senses, the conduct and proceedings of the Rebels during the past three years, my story will not seem at all improbable.

The same Copperhead journals that pretend to doubt my revelations of schemes to kidnap or assassinate President Lincoln, have never questioned with a single line the statements with which the Southern papers recently teemed, of plots on the part of Yankee spies and Union men in Richmond to assassinate Jeff. Davis. They can readily believe that Union men are capable of murdering the Rebel President, but they cannot believe that Rebels would be guilty of murdering the Union President.

But I happen to have at hand evidence sufficient to satisfy any man who is open to conviction, that the schemes detailed by me to kidnap or assassinate our President are not romance, but real projects of a desperate and unscrupulous people. This evidence will be found in the following letter, which will speak for itself.

The writer, who merely signs his surname, "Cullom," rejoices in the Christian name of Calhoun. He is a captain in a North Carolina regiment and is said to have distinguished himself in several affairs, in the last of which he was wounded. I inclose the original letter, because it carries on its face prima facie evidence of its genuineness—a Confederate ten cent postage stamp and the post-mark of the place at which it was mailed. It will not be contended, even by THE NEWS, that THE TRIBUNE has friends in the Confederacy who could have prepared the letter and sent it through the mails, to give it a genuine appearance, as was done in the case of the T. Butler King letter. I received the letter from Mr. Wellford, a clerk in the War Office, to whom it was addressed, and have this and other reasons for knowing it to be authentic. But here is the letter:

MEMPHIS, Sept. 30, 1863.

"MY DEAR WELLFORD: I have for several weeks been looking for a letter from you on the subject of our late convention. On yesterday, Mr. Calhoun, M. C. for the 11th District, came to see father and I, and with us. He spent the week before last at Richmond, and had a number of conversations with the President, Secretary of War, and other officials. I inquired of him if he had heard anything of the *case de guerre* to capture 'Honest Abe,' and he said he had, but that the affair would probably be managed rather by individual enterprise than by the Government. He gave me the names of the most prominent workers in the project in Richmond, and as you must be acquainted with them all, I beg you to put in a timely word for me. If the affair was to be managed by the Government, I know your influence, and that of my other friends, with Mr. Seddon would get me assigned to the part I desire to play in the grand comedy or tragedy, as the case may be; but if it is to be managed by the citizens of Richmond, my chances are not so good, and I may have to depend entirely on you. Speak a good word for me at once, and I will see you next week. As I told you, I would willingly lay my soul to the devil for the honor of playing a conspicuous part in the destruction of the great *kydra*.

"My arm is nearly well, and I find it quite useful, again, as you will conclude from my being able to dispense with an amputation."

"Don't neglect me."

"Your sincere friend, 'CULLOM.'"

Now, to enable the curious to see with their own eyes the evidence of the Rebel plots to kidnap or assassinate our President, and to prevent doubts on the part of suspicious Copperheads that the evidence exists, as set forth, I suggest that you send the original letter to Barnum, or to the Sanitary Fair, where that liberal showman may have an opportunity of purchasing it as an addition to the curiosities of his Museum."

But the schemes to assassinate the President are not more diabolical than many others proposed by Rebel leaders and officials—not more devilish than the "Gunpowder plot" by which hundreds of our officers confined in the Libby were to be blown into eternity if our forces succeeded in entering Richmond; not more fiendish than the massacre of the wounded and surrendered soldiers at Fort Pillow; not more inhuman than the proposition of Extra Billy Smith, Governor of Virginia, as disclosed by his organ and paper, THE Richmond Whig, in the following article:

"We may not, it is true, be able to send a raiding party to dash into Philadelphia or New-York to do the work; nor have we artillery that will carry Greek fire far enough to reach them; but we have a plan which will go farther than horsemen can ride, and will penetrate where the mightiest artillery would make no impression on—we have money. A million of dollars would buy us a fleet of steamships, and every man and woman to do the business may be picked up by the hundred in the streets of these very cities. It should be thought, however, that we are doing men in Canada, of Morgan's and other commands, who have escaped from Yankee dungeons, and who would rejoice at an opportunity of doing something that would make all Yankeehood howl with anguish and consternation."

That what are saying may be given a still more practical turn, we will add that we have taken up a man—a man who is ready and anxious at once to proceed to Canada on this business. He knows the risks he will encounter, but he is sure of the results that will be accomplished. He is a well-known officer in the army, and every way competent to see that the plan is carried out. We will, as we suppose they would, then we wish to remind the public that the scheme can be as well executed by private enterprise as by the direction or connivance of the authorities. And for what? When a safe was designed, Charleston every day witnessing the disposition of the enemy in this regard, and hourly expressing the hazard of having their purposes achieved, could easily see the money needed for the execution of the design. Money will supply the men, and they, properly organized and directed, would easily and certainly do the work."

Here it is openly proposed by the Rebel Governor of Virginia, and a well-known officer in the Rebel army, to send emissaries North and hire the Copperheads that infest our principal cities, who they say may be picked up by the hundred for the purpose, to apply the incendiary torch, and make helpless women and children bow with anguish and consternation. Let me assure those who are shocked at these propositions, that I have been long enough among the Rebels and intimately enough associated with their leaders to know that there is no atrocity conceivable that they would not unhesitatingly commit, if it promised to aid, in the slightest degree, the infernal work of the Rebellion.

The recent intelligence from Europe to the effect that Napoleon's Emperor for Mexico had given the cold shoulder to Sidel, Jeff Davis's Commissioner at Paris, will, if true, and if the cold shoulder were given in earnest, prove a severe blow to the hopes of the Rebel leaders, and carry despair to the hearts of many of their officers and soldiers. But I have reason to apprehend that the refusal, if there was any refusal, on the part of Maximilian to grant Sidel an audience was a mere stroke of policy by the new monarch to dismember the friendship for Jeff Davis & Co. in the hope of getting his own Government recognized by the United States, when he can do as he pleases about recognizing the Confederacy. I know that the highest functionaries in Richmond have for a long time indulged the expectation that the first steps of the Mexican Emperor, on his accession to the throne, would be to recognize the Confederacy, and that such step would be merely preliminary to similar actions on the part of France and other European Powers; and the greatest pains have been taken to promulgate such an assurance in the Rebel army, for encouragement of their lukewarm and despairing soldiers.

On more than one occasion I heard the Rebel Secretary of War say to high officials that it was a fixed fact that Mexico, under its new ruler, and France, would recognize the Confederacy. The Secretary is a very cautious, if not a very conscientious man, and I do not think he would have expressed himself so positively on the strength of mere conjecture and speculation. In September last I saw in the War Office a copy of a letter addressed by Erlanger & Co., French bankers, to Meminger, Rebel Secretary of Treasury, on matters pertaining to the Confederate cotton loan, which concluded with the assurance that the Confederate States would soon be recognized by France; and I heard John Campbell, Assistant Secretary of War, say to Mr. Allgeier, THE EXPLORER, to whom he had just shown the letter, that a year before such an assurance from Erlanger & Co. would have been very encouraging, but that the Government had recently received official assurance to the same effect, leaving the destiny of the Confederacy no longer open to question. These, and similar statements by Rebel officials, constrain me to believe that the apparent coldness of Maximilian toward the Rebel Envoy was affected and well understood by Sidel and his master in Richmond.

Be this as it may, it must not be supposed that the Rebel leaders have any affection for Napoleon or his protégé or tool, Maximilian. Their idea at the beginning of the war was to establish a great military aristocracy, founded on Slavery, making the whites all fighting men, and by a grand filibustering policy, to extend the area of Slavery over Mexico, Central America, and Cuba—and this is their idea still; but they fear that Napoleon and Maximilian may delay for a time the consummation of their schemes. Yet some of them soured themselves with the belief that, to use the language of Mr. Seddon in a letter to Wm. S. Oldham of Texas, "Any European who attempts to govern the mongrel Hispano-Aztecs of Mexico will soon be glad to escape from the country with his life." As there is little danger of the Rebels establishing their independence and making these Hispano-Aztecs free citizens, I reckon the people of the North will not care how soon Mr. Seddon's prediction is fulfilled.

But I will now leave plots and politics for a time, and, pursuant to my promise in a previous letter, give you some idea of the condition of things in the Rebel capital. The greatest mystery perhaps is, how the people, and especially the poorer classes, live. Let a stranger take a peep into all the groceries, markets, produce, and provision stores in the city and he will declare that they do not contain enough to subsist the citizens for a week. The first glance into a grocery discloses a whole lot of empty shelves, and the second a few small boxes of coffee, beans, eggs, butter, and the like, setting on the counter as the only contents of the store, with the exception, perhaps, of a barrel of flour, meal, or pork. The stock of goods on hand is invariably so small, and they are so greedily sought by the famishing people, that the trouble is not taken to arrange them on the shelves. The stalls of the spacious market in Seventeenth street, which before the war were crowded with all sorts of necessities and luxuries, are half of them, entirely unoccupied, while those in use are less than a quarter filled. The wholesale establishments which, before the war were crammed from ceiling to cockfoot, with flour, pork, beef, fish, sugar, &c., are now without stock sufficient to fill a single floor. The entire contents of all the stores and markets in the city, if equally divided among the inhabitants, now numbering 45,000 souls, would be devoured in much less than a week.

The wholesale dealers dispose of their goods almost entirely to the Government—not, however, at the prices allowed farmers and producers in cases of impressement, but at fair profits. The retail dealers obtain their supplies almost exclusively from the auctioneers, and the auctioneers, in their turn, get their goods from the blockade runners, and the speculators who are constantly scouring the country for such articles of necessary consumption as they can find. The retail dealer is not so much to be pitied as he appears. He is not a city of the same size and population in the world that contains a quarter as many rum-holes, gambling dens, and brothels. Most of these resorts are

demanded for all sorts of provisions, and it is well that it is so, for were it otherwise, the supply would soon be exhausted, and the people reduced to absolute starvation. But how do the poor, especially the poor women, with whom the city is thronged, many of them soldiers' wives and widows with large families to support, manage to pay these exorbitant prices? Female labor is in good demand, it is true, but it is miserably compensated. A fair seamstress may work from daylight until midnight without earning enough to purchase a pound of bacon, half a peck of potatoes, or two pounds of bread; in other words, without earning enough to decently feed a single person. Yet these poor women, out of their miserable pittance, are obliged to feed themselves and children, and as well to pay house rent, for which the charges are as exorbitant as for other necessities. How, then, do the poor creatures live? I heard one of them, to whom this question was addressed by a sympathizing Marylander, answer, "We are not living, we are dying." And so they are—dying victims of the Rebellion and starvation.

It is astonishing how long some of these women are able to endure their privations. I cannot refrain from recounting a melancholy case that came under my own observation in September last, which, while it shows how little nourishment a person can for months exist upon, furnishes an instance of Rebel cruelty and brutality.

A Mr. Phelps, who resided near Staunton, Va., was arrested for treason and confined in Castle Thunder. The evidence of his guilt was so satisfactory that, without waiting for his trial and conviction, the Secret Service officers seized his farm and negroes, ejected his family—consisting of his wife and four children—from their home, and left them wanderers in the streets. Mr. Phelps took up his residence at the point named only a few months before the war commenced, having removed thither from Preston County, Va., where all his friends and relations, as well as those of his wife, resided.

After being expelled from her home, Mrs. Phelps besought Gen. Imboden, who was in command in that district, to permit her to pass through his lines to her friends in Preston County; but the gallant General refused, assuring her that she could only obtain a pass from Gen. Winder, or the Secretary of War, and that then she would be obliged to proceed North by flag of truce, and via City Point and Annapolis. Determined, if possible, to get out of the Confederacy, the unfortunate woman hastened with her children, and the little baggage she was allowed to retain, to Richmond, and, after an interview with her husband in his gloomy cell, for he was not permitted to be in a large room with other prisoners—applied first to Gen. Winder, and then to the Secretary of War for the desired passport. But both of these functionaries, although they knew that the poor woman and helpless children were without a friend within the Rebel lines, and without the means of support, heartlessly refused to let them leave.

When she called to solicit Mr. Seddon for a passport, I was in the main office. She told me her business, and I introduced her into his study. In a few moments she came out, and I knew by her tears that she had been disappointed. I saw no more of her until about the middle of September, when one day I met her on Main street with a little girl, each holding a bundle of Rebel uniforms. I wonder that I recognized her, her appearance was so changed. When I first saw her, she was as blooming a matron as I had ever seen—erect and robust—a perfect picture of health. When I next saw her tottering with the burden, the bloom had faded from her cheeks, her eyes had fallen a sickly, and her body was emaciated and bent forward, her clothes were tattered—in short, she was a picture of distress.

I needed her, and she told me that, finding it impossible to reach her friends, she hired a garret chamber in Leigh street, and endeavored to earn a livelihood by sewing; that, though quite expert with the needle, she found it impossible to pay her rent and feed her family by this means, and had been obliged to sell nearly all her wearing apparel, and the few articles of jewelry she possessed, even to the wedding ring; that the only food herself and children had tasted for upwards of two months was beans and corn cakes, and that during this time a pint of beans and a pound and a half of corn meal was as much as they had eaten in any one day. That evening I called the attention of several acquaintances, Union men—for there are a few such in Richmond—to the history and condition of these suffering creatures, and a considerable sum of money was contributed for their relief, and alimentary necessities were immediately sent them.

The second evening afterward, accompanied by a friend, I sought their abode, and a more wretched and gloomy habitation has seldom been seen. A bed, two trunks, a kind of furnace with a pipe, a griddle, a skillet, a tin cup, two plates, two knives, and three spoons, constituted the entire furniture. The bed, if it deserves the name, had been made by sewing together the skirts of several old dresses, forming a "tick," which was half filled with straw. On this miserable pallet we found Mrs. Phelps lying, very ill. When the edibles we had sent her two evenings before arrived, and she saw that she could not rest her ill without depriving her children of what they needed as much as herself, the famishing woman could not restrain her appetite. She ate until she was appeased with plenty; a fever was the consequence, and a week later she died. Let Northern men with plenty, who grumble because obliged to pay the war tax; let laborers who are every few weeks striking for better wages, and clerks who are crying for an increase of salaries, think upon this case—and it is not an uncommon one in Richmond—of a woman and four children living for two months on a pint of beans and a pound and a half of corn meal per day.

A word more in relation to this family will more fully expose the utter heartlessness of the Rebel officials. After Mrs. Phelps's death, application was made to Gen. Winder to allow her husband to attend her funeral in charge of an officer, but the inhuman old friend refused it. The orphans were taken in charge by Mr. Thomas and Mr. West, the latter gentleman being one of the proprietors of a large publishing house, who promised to provide for them until they could be forwarded to their friends in Preston County. The Secretary of War was afterward requested by these gentlemen to permit the children to be sent North in charge of Maj. Mumford, Union Agent for the exchange of prisoners, but he refused, declaring that he would rather support them himself than allow them to go North and furnish the Abolition press food for more lies.

But notwithstanding the high prices, while the honest poor are enduring privations such as a people never suffered before, two other classes—the rich Rebels and the rogues—are in the enjoyment of plenty. There is no scarcity of money, either genuine or counterfeit, and fair counterfeit notes are about on a par and are taken about as readily as genuine ones. I have seen \$20 in genuine Confederate notes given for \$100 in counterfeit. Loafers, gamblers, thieves, and abandoned women, have their pockets stuffed with this trash, and are never at a loss to supply their wants. They can afford to pay \$20 or \$30 for a glass of whisky, and 67 or 78 for a passable dinner; and when I left the Rebel capital these were the going prices for such luxuries.

Since the war, Richmond has become the Sodom of America. There is no species of vice or wickedness that is not practiced on a grand scale within its limits. Why it has not over the met the fate of ancient Sodom and Gomorrah I cannot imagine, unless it has been spared for the few Union people who dwell there. There is not a city of the same size and population in the world that contains a quarter as many rum-holes, gambling dens, and brothels. Most of these resorts are

kept by Baltimoreans of the Plug-Ugly stamp, who enjoy perfect immunity in consideration of their corresponding with their friends in the Monumental City, and enticing them South to join the Rebel army. In several of these places of resort placards are hung announcing, "Letters sent to Baltimore and the North, and replies brought in return. For particulars inquire of the Proprietor." But I am drifting on a new and more interesting subject, and will anchor just here until I feel like writing again, when I will show you readers, among other things, how the great underground mail route is managed.

Departure of Troops.

Boston, Friday, April 22, 1864.

The steamer Western Metropolis sails to-morrow morning with four companies of the 5th Massachusetts Cavalry for Hilton Head.

From Fortress Monroe.

Fortress Monroe, Thursday, April 21, 1864.

A Richmond spy was captured on the 18th near Eastville. Quite a number of letters were found on his person. He was armed with a revolver, a sword, and a knife. A quantity of small steel springs and shot were found sewed in the lining of his coat. He was one of three: one was shot and the other was closely pursued, and, according to a dispatch from Major White, the Provost-Marshal at Eastville, would be captured or killed. The one captured is in close confinement at the military prison at this place.

Fifty-three prisoners of war arrived from Point Lookout yesterday, took the oath, and are now employed in the Quartermaster's Department. This makes over 2,000 released prisoners and refugees now employed here, chiefly on the wharves.

A large number of sick were sent to Hampton Hospital to-day from Yorktown.

Arrival of the Pensacola.

The United States steam-sloop-of-war Pensacola, Capt. James H. Strong, from Pensacola 7th inst. New-Orleans 11th, and Hampton Roads 20th, arrived on Friday morning. The following is a list of her officers:

Commander, James H. Strong; Surgeon, Philip Lansdale; Lieutenant and Executive Officer, F. Valente McNair; Lieutenant, G. Watson Sumner; Paymaster, John H. Stevenson; Assistant Surgeon, W. H. Jones; 1st Lieutenant of Marines, S. L. Lee; 2nd Lieutenant of Marines, Henry W. Pritch; Acting Masters, Gilbert Richmond, Eben Hoyt, C. W. Pratt; Acting Ensigns, Eugene Blomdell, 2d Assistant Engineers, Chas. M. Burdick, Asst. Asst. Alfred Cook; Gunner, D. A. Rice; Carpenter, Joseph L. Cox; Paymaster's Writer, A. H. Stanley; Paymaster's Clerk, Thomas Waller; 3d Assistant Engineer, Wm. P. Fitch, G. W. Reid, F. W. Burdick, Wm. Hughes; Acting Master's Mate, Wm. H. Sprague, W. W. Black.

Deaths of Soldiers.

IN THE HOSPITALS IN AND ABOUT NEW-YORK.

From April 18 to April 20, 1864.

REPORTED WEEKLY FOR THE NEW-YORK TRIBUNE, BY A. A. CASE, GOVERNMENT CORRESPONDENT.

Brownell, Augustus, age 19, Co. L, 9th New York; born in New-York State. Butler, Samuel, age 22, Co. B, 31st U. S. C. T.; residence before enlistment, Yorktown, Va. Hecshouer, Alvan, age 44, Co. I, 115th N. Y.; residence before enlistment, Cambridge, N. Y. Lawrence, Peter, age 38, Co. B, 8th New York. Latham, Albert, age 18, Co. B, U. S. Infantry; residence before enlistment, St. Albans, Vt. Pinder, Henry, age 24, Co. H, 3d New-York Artillery; residence before enlistment, Holbrook, L. I. Stebbins, Albert, age 45, Co. L, 10th U. S. Volunteers; born in France. Wills, James, age 26, Co. B, 20th U. S. C. T.; residence before enlistment, Brooklyn, L. I.

The New-York State Militia.

ALBANY, Friday, April 22, 1864.

Exaggerated rumors prevail in reference to the call of the War Department upon Gov. Seymour for the State Militia. These rumors grow out of intelligence received here from the War Department that State troops will be received by Gen. Dix for guard and other special duty in and around the harbor forts of New-York, during the absence of the Volunteer forces recently stationed there.

The Governor has tendered to the War Department the use of the Militia regiments for the defense of the forts around New-York and elsewhere on the frontier. He thinks this desirable as well to relieve the Regular troops detained within the State for such purpose, as to afford the National Guard a desirable opportunity for drill and practice.

Meeting of War Democrats.

ALBANY, Friday, April 22, 1864.

A conference of War Democrats of this State was held in this city last evening, at which arrangements were made for the more effectual organization of that wing of the Union party. The proceedings were not published, but it is understood that a committee on organization was appointed, comprising the names of leading War Democrats.

Marine Disaster.

BALTIMORE, Friday, April 22, 1864.

The schooner Francis Hatch, Capt. White, from New-York for Baltimore, with a general cargo, is missing. Capt. Charles A. Hatch and crew, from her, have arrived at Baltimore. The Captain thinks he can get her up without assistance.

The Poughkeepsie and Copake Railroad.

Poughkeepsie, N. Y., Friday, April 22, 1864.

A large and spirited meeting of parties friendly to the proposed railroad from Poughkeepsie to Copake, held at Stanford yesterday, when addresses were made by the advocates of the route, and the establishment of said railroad, were made by Capt. Isaac Platt, Mark D. Wilbur, and other notables of this city. The farmers and capitalists along the route offered to subscribe liberally, and everything went off a complete success. The officers of the road were chosen.

From California.

CHICAGO, Friday, April 22, 1864.

The railroad bridge at Rock Island, on the Chicago and Dixon Air Line, was destroyed by fire last night. Loss \$10,000. Travel unimpeded.

Bridge Burned.

SAN FRANCISCO, Thursday, April 21, 1864.

Arrived Capt. Catherine, from Hong Kong, with 1,000,000 pounds sugar for San Francisco refinery. Arrived ship Resolute, from Baltimore; St. Charles, from New-York, and Guiding Star from Boston. Sailed ship Goldenhorn, for Calcutta.

China dates to Feb. 23 have been received. Major Gordon had marched to attack Hong Kong. The body-guard of the Governor-General had been causing trouble again in Canton. Two Japanese Embassadors had arrived at Shanghai for Europe.

Fire in Concord, N. H.

CONCORD, Friday, April 22, 1864.

Sanborn's block was destroyed by fire this morning. It was occupied by a number of stores and houses, and was valued at \$200,000. The loss has not yet been ascertained. It is supposed to be the work of an incendiary.

Great Fire at Demerara.

HAIFALAN, Friday, April 22, 1864.

The greater portion of the business part of Demerara was destroyed by fire on the 22d inst. Loss is from \$2,000,000 to \$3,000,000. Long-continued drought caused a scarcity of water, rendering it necessary to blow up the buildings to save the town.

The principal sufferers are Gourey & Co., John Meyers, Henry Murray, Wm. Henry, and Jose Mathias, as well as James Adline, Booker Brothers & Co., Pinto Brothers & Co., Samuel Barber & Co., Richardson & Co., Gray, Cunningham & Co., the British Guiana Bank, Wm. M. Delveria, M. P. Lopez, Ferreira & Co., Messrs. Gray, A. B. Andrade, Irving, Martin, Miss Gray, M. Mallon Correa, Wm. Roberts, H. L. Davis